

Be a "brick," don't let any one scare you,
But stick like a burr to your plan.
Go in on your muscle, my Trojan, and keep things correct—
if you can.

Our Aldermen, somehow or other,
Don't do things exactly just right;
'They cause us a good deal of bother,
(I don't say they ever get *tight*)
But mix up things so that our taxes are getting as *high* as a
kite.

I have heard of a wind that's unstable,
That's not good for man nor for beast;
I have read—but it must be a fable—
That the wise men all come from the East,
To say so of those in our city, would seem like a big joke
at least.

Why the deuce did they not purchase Dundurn,
When it could have been bought for a song?
When we wanted to do them a good turn,
They thought we were all in the wrong—
And some of them gave their opinion in words emphasized
pretty strong.

I know that in Summer it's pleasant
(When Sol has ta'en out his degrees)
To a man, whether peer or a peasant,
To rest in the shade 'neath the trees,
With Susan Jane sitting beside him, and list to the murmur
of bees.